

# Head Hunters, In the Beginning

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Summary: The story of Jonah and Roland from the day they met until they're deaths.

## 1. Chapter 1

\_\*\*This is my version of what could have happened through the lives of Roland and Jonah. I got the idea from Halo Evolutions, Headhunters. It's not much, and is my first real fanfic. Reviews are appreciated. I wish I owned Halo, but I don't, none of the characters are mine. \*\*\_

\*\*Headhunters, in the beginning\*\*

\*\*Chapter One\*\*

\*\*1330-28/June/2545/Halo Universe\*\*

\*\*Onyx Training Instillation.\*\*

Jonah sat in a chair in the center of a large dark room. The only light came from directly over his head, removing the possibility of seeing those speaking to him. He had gone through several training missions with the SPARTAN III program and apparently had been selected for a "special" position.

"Please state your tasking number and name for the record." A feminine voice said from the blackness.

"Alpha-211, Jonah." He replied, sitting at attention. Jonah had a southern accent that he could downplay when he wanted to sound more professional. Something about that drawl made people automatically drop about thirty points off your I.Q.

"Jonah," A different voice this time, a huskier male voice from the left of where he was sitting. "Would you want to be more...  
\_involved\_ in the war with the Covenant?"

Jonah didn't even have to think. "Yes Sir!" He hastily said.

"It would involve not being on the front line, but being far behind the enemy's lines." The voice paused. "Son, I can't tell you much more, but it is not likely that you will be returning from every mission."

Jonah thought of his family, the ones the Covenant had glassed. "I understand, sir. I would like to volunteer for this program. I understand and accept the risks involved. Provided I get to kill Covies."

A pause for ten seconds followed. The same voice as before. Alright son, there are two doors in this room. Through the door to your right, you will forget this conversation, and rejoin Alpha platoon of the SPARTAN III program. Through the left, your life expectancy will be short, your accomplishments will be classified, your name will be known only to your teammates and to those who send you back for more..."

Jonah stood interrupting the man, after executing a smart left face marched to the door...

1000-06/July/2545/\*\* Halo Universe\*\*

Headhunter training facility

Onyx

"Run you maggots!" The instructor shouted over the command intercom.

Jonah, along with eighteen other SPARTAN III's had been shipped to the far side of Onyx to a much smaller training camp than the one where LCDR Kurt Ambrose and CPO Mendez had trained the rest of the Spartan III's. This camp was run by a skeleton crew of ODS'T's. The chief instructor was Gunnery Sergeant James R. Hawkins. He had several combat tours against the Covenant as well as the Inies and so far had been a good trainer. They were on training day seven out of who knew how many.

Today's training was with paint pellet guns. The nineteen recruits had started in a line in a large high ceiling room. They had been broken into two and three man teams. Across the room eighteen loaded paint pellet guns were spread about. Their goal was simple, survive. Last team standing got dinner and blankets for the night. Losers went hungry and cold. The one hitch... no one knew who's team they were on. They were individually given colored rags that were to be stowed until the start of the exercise.

Jonah was the first to make it to the guns. As he reached for one, the floor began to rise in certain places making cover to hide behind. He rolled to cover and opened fire on the others who were still making it to the guns; he risked shooting a teammate but figured it was worth it. He managed to tag two of them before he started taking fire. As he was in cover, he tied his purple rag around his upper arm. He looked around and saw another trainee with a gun. Jonah snapped on to him with his sights but held his fire.

"Friend?" he asked warily, his sights hovering over the trainee.

The other trainee turned around, weapon snapping up, a purple rag tied to his ankle clear as day. "Friendly!" he exclaimed. Looking left and right he darted over to the cover Jonah was behind.

Jonah recognized him as Roland, but he wasn't sure of his number, not that it mattered. "Good to see you." Jonah muttered as he checked his corner. There wasn't a lot of shooting going off so he figured the others were doing exactly what he and Roland were doing, finding friends and assessing the situation.

Roland looked around quickly and stuck his hand out shaking. "Roland, A-258" had a rather neutral accent, with just a hint of southern roots. Brown hair almost the same as Jonah's, but he had hazel green eyes.

Jonah shook his hand, replying with "Jonah, A-211. We need to get ready to break from cover. I fired from here, so someone must know that I'm here."

Roland nodded in response. "Let's head for a corner and we'll take it from there." He said, checking that the nearest corner was probably twenty meters across the room. However there was good cover, but that also meant hostiles could be there just as well.

"You watch my six." Jonah chuckled, "I'll move on your go."

Roland set up to cover Jonah across the largest part of open ground. "You set?" Roland asked, as he aimed down his sights.

"Yeah." Jonah said, bending a little at the knees so his could get the best start possible.

"GO!" Roland started laying down some suppression as soon as Jonah took off. Spartan III's didn't have many of the augmentations that their predecessors do, all in all, they are just normal teenagers, expected to do the work of hardened special forces warriors. And yet, at only seventeen, Jonah covered the expanse in less than four seconds.

He hit the wall hard to stop himself, drew a bead on where Roland had just been firing and shouted "Set!" as he began laying down fire. The second the rounds started going down range, Roland sprinted over toward him, making it not quite as fast as Jonah, but still quickly. As he neared Jonah's position Roland caught movement out of his right eye.

"Right side!" Roland screamed as he put a four round burst into the target while running all out. Three struck the assailants cover, but one caught him in the head. The trainee shrunk back, out of the training session, and knowing he'd be going cold and hungry tonight.

Roland tapped Jonah and took his position. They had started taking fire from across the room and so Roland focused more on that direction.

Jonah rolled around their cover and moved toward the corner wall

which also had a small low wall in front of it. He jumped behind it and called Roland over. "Roland! On me, common!" He yelled. Roland darted over and hunkered down. They both had on their grey battle dress uniforms and a mask to protect their eyes, but Roland's was beginning to fog up a bit.

"Dang these stupid things!" Roland muttered as he tried to wipe the fog away. Off on the other side of the room, they could hear several paint guns firing away. Roland looked up on the wall and there was a score board.

"Well looky there," Roland exclaimed. "red and brown teams are already down, green had three but they are down to one as are orange and yellow. Blue and Black are two man teams at full strength, like us."

"Humph, we can handle this." Jonah replied. "Let's start moving; we can't just sit here like a couple of little girls." Roland nodded and Jonah took point. He swept a few of the pillars and low walls, clearing each before he moved on.

"Spartans! There are extra supplies for the team that reaches the center point." An instructor said over the intercom.

"Do we need them?" Roland asked as he rechecked a bunker Jonah had cleared.

"Yeah, I'm running a little low, plus everyone else will be going the same way." Jonah said grinning under his mask.

The two of them moved toward the center of the room. A low round wall encircled a UNSC issue crate, which must have held the supplies, followed by a larger wall making almost an arena of sorts. As Jonah was about to move out to retrieve them, Blue team opened fire from across the arena, driving Jonah back to cover.

"Dang it, they are going to recover the supplies first!" Jonah griped as he saw the two of them darting towards the crate. He and Roland fired towards them but nothing hit. However off to their right, Black team caught Blue in their flank, hitting both of them and ending their chance at victory. Now Black pinned Jonah and Roland down and made it to the supplies. As one laid down fire, the other opened the box. Roland glanced out to see a huge explosion of paint covering both of the Black team.

"Crap! the box was a trap." Roland breathed to Jonah. "Good thing Blue forced us back."

Jonah looked up at the score board. Only one yellow team member and one green team member were left. "Come on, we can take these two. They are trying to get each other as well me and you." Roland checked their six as they moved out.

After only ten paces, they heard paint gun fire and hastened their pace. The two remaining trainees were exchanging fire. Jonah and Roland hunched down and quickly came up with a plan. "You go right and drop your guy and I'll go left." Roland pointed out the directions to add emphasis.

"Gotcha, you watch yurself."

"You too. Let's do this."

The two Spartans darted from cover to cover towards their targets. Roland moved a bit quicker and got into position. He sighted in a squeezed of a double tap. Both rounds hit the trainee, eliminating him. Roland looked toward the other hostile and was shocked at what he saw. Jonah had climbed onto the cover behind the final trainee and just as Roland looked, he lunged.

"What the!" The green team member exclaimed as Jonah grabbed his barrel and twisted it out of his grasp.

"Roland, on me." Jonah shouted as he back peddled a few steps away from the hostile, weapon trained one handed at center mass. Roland darted over to Jonah side.

"What are you doing!" He hissed. "Why didn't you just drop him?"

Jonah tossed the guys weapon to the ground half way between them then cast his to the side. "Let's get this over with." Jonah chuckled; removing his mask to reveal a huge grin, lending itself to just how much Jonah was enjoying this. Jonah hunched forward a bit, ready to go. "Make your move buddy. I have a hot date, and I don't want to keep your sister waiting." The other Spartan fidgeted and tensed to run for the gun. Jonah rolled his shoulders and seemed to hold his left hand loosely as if he was holding an egg that he didn't want to break.

The other Spartan didn't move. "Roland, ten credits says he has paint on him before he can even touch the rifle." Jonah glanced at Roland his brown eyes twinkled with glee. "You take that bet?" As "bet" rolled off his tongue, Jonah sprinted forward, as did the other Spartan a moment behind him. Jonah made it about half way to the gun and rolled the remaining distance. As he recovered from the roll he burst off his legs and leapt forward. The other Spartan tried to dodge Jonah's outstretched hand, but Jonah simply slapped him. The paint bullets he had been holding burst on the Spartans shoulder, marking him, and sealing the win for Roland and Jonah.

The other trainee sulked off from the field as Roland jogged up to Jonah's side holding his paint rifle. "Purple, front and center!" Gunny Hawkins bellowed. Jonah and Roland sprinted toward where the Gunny was standing and snapped to attention.

"Roland, you did well. Good team work, good cover. Well done."

"Thank you, Gunny." Roland said crisply.

"Jonah, Jonah, Jonah..." The gunny shook his head. "NEVER pull a stunt like that again. Engage and destroy your enemy as quickly and efficiently as possible." Hawkins thought for a moment. "Half of the meal and no blanket for you."

Jonah's smile never faltered. "Yes Gunny!" he replied, still high off the adrenaline he craved.

"Is that all Gunny?" Roland asked

"One more thing. Everything leading up to now has been preparation for two man teams. You two scored second closest as far as compatibility together." He looked them over, a pair of teenagers, both very similar in build and height, almost even had the same hair color, training to be killers when they should have been chasing girls their age. More than likely they wouldn't make it to the age of twenty. "Hope you like each other, because you'll be together until the end." The two winning Spartans broke for attention to glance at each other. "Dismissed!"

\_\*\*So, What do ya think! \*\*\_

## 2. Chapter 2

\_\*\*Chapter two! I still don't own Halo or the characters.  
\*\*\_

\*\*Chapter 2\*\*

\*\*2345-09/August/2545/ Halo Universe\*\*

\*\*Somewhere on Onyx\*\*

"Contact, two hundred meters out from my twenty." Jonah's COM-Link crackled with Roland's voice. Through the sophisticated gear inside of their helmets, they could communicate with no fear of being heard. As well as see in the near pitch blackness of the night, "Looks like seven foot mobiles, one of the corporals is in the lead. Their moving off your 9'oclock. Should be crossing the foot bridge in ninety seconds."

Jonah was lying in a shallow firing hole he had dug out for himself. He had eyes on the bridge, and would have the OPFOR closing from almost behind him. Roland was on the other side of the bridge ready to spring the trap. "Ya got anythin on the motion trackers?"

"No, but that doesn't mean a QRF isn't around the corner." Jonah heard the tone change in Roland's voice indicating a smile. "Let's not play around this time. Stringing one of the Staff Sergeants up and covering him in paint rounds couldn't have been good for our scores."

"Eh, you worry too much Rolleâ€|. It adds to our mysterious charm." Jonah slid his custom fixed blade back into the sheath on his shoulder. "Besides, I heard Blue team got caught already."

"Nah, I think they were just saying that to psyche us out. Blue is good, so is Black."

"Why'd we hafta get Purple?" Jonah asked. "I mean not that even matters, but Black would have been nice." Jonah prepared his Suppressed M7S SMG. "Heck even Green wouldn't have been bad."

"Closing, ten meters from your position. Wait for the signal."

"Roger"

The team of instructors walked out in a staggered formation on their resupply run. The "war games" had been going for three days now, and they had only tagged two Spartans, both times, the injured man was pulled to cover by his partner and the two made it away. The instructors food had run out and they we're running a little low on the lockup ammo, purple colored shot that when it hit, locked down that part of your armor, not to mention it hurt like hell. The hope was that using the night they could slip by the Headhunters in order to retrieve supplies. The seven men halted by the foot bridge. The lance corporal who was on point began to move across it with the six others covering him. When he was secure on the far side, the next man followed. Roland waited until the third man had nearly made it across when he blew the charges, dropping the bridge with the instructor barely making it off.

"Hit em' hard" Jonah said calmly as he cut into the four remaining instructors on his side. They had spread out, but Jonah still made short work of them from his position. Roland did the same for his three. After all seven men were pretty well locked up, Roland broke cover.

"I got one moving over here." Roland said as he drew his Suppressed M6C pistol and fired two shots into the man's chest.

"Hey, bring their weapons over with you," Jonah requested. "I have an idea." Roland didn't even ask, but attached the three MA5B's to magnetic points on his armor and fired a grapple cable to Jonah's side of the ravine.

As Roland clambered up over the top, he saw Jonah had laid the instructors rifles and side arms out in a big "F"

"Jay, what are you doing?" Roland asked as he handed him the three other assault rifles.

"Just reminden them who's who." Jonah replied as he arranged the other rifles into a large "U" next to the "F" "I think they'll get the message."

Roland couldn't help but grin. "Here, two grenades off the guys over there. These don't need to be on your billboard, we might actually need them."

Jonah picked up the last rifle that was on the ground, a sniper rifle, and handed it to Roland. "It only has eleven rounds, but we could use it."

Roland nodded and attached it to the back of his armor. "Let's RV with Black and Orange back at the site." Roland looked around at their handy work "Plus you can ask what happen with Blue."

"Aight, lead the way." Jonah said as he followed Roland into the blackness.

It was a short four mile hike to the area where the Headhunters were gathering. Roland and Jonah choose to take the long way, just in case by some off chance they we're being followed. They slowed to a near crawl as the approached. Unsure if possibly the position had been compromised. It was nearing dawn when an infrared laser cast itself

off Jonah's chest piece then clicked off almost instantly. It was just whoever was on sentry duty letting them know that while they we're almost invisible to a normal human, a Spartan could see them, just fine. The two of them closed in toward the meeting place.

The two members of Black team were waiting. "Jonah, Roland." One of the Spartans greeted them as they walked up. "Everything go as planned?"

"Yeah Fred, they did." Jonah replied to Frederick. He had all the makings of a great leader, even had the same name as a Spartan II, except for the "k" of course. However Headhunters didn't really need leaders, just team mates and a mission.

"We brought one of these back" Roland said removing the Sniper Rifle from his armor. "thought it could be of some use to us."

"Good, we'll put it to use." Frederick placed his hand on the side of his helmet to switch comm frequencies. One of Blue team moved up to retrieve the rifle. All of the Spartans wore SPI armor painted in a dull green, but Roland and Jonah were still able to tell the other Spartans apart.

"We need to ENDEX this." Frederick had drawn a map in the dirt. "I want you two to be the tip of the spear. We are going to strike the instructor camp tonight. Red and Green will follow you in. Blue will be overwatch and everyone else will be on security."

"I like this rise here for Blue's position." Roland said pointing to a likely place. "When we recce'd the place it looked like there were a few ledges down that they could set up on."

Frederick nodded. "I'll place Red and Green here and here. When you kick off the party, they'll move in as an anvil for you to hammer against. Get there, pick your spots, and wait for nightfall." Frederick looked at each of them. "When night falls, this is your OP. When you think it is time to go, you do it. Hit hard and fast. Everything else will be in position. Any questions?"

"What took ya so long to decide?" Jonah asked, a grin on his lips as he grabbed a grenade off Frederick's belt. "I hope ya don't mind, 'cos I'll probably be a needen this more than you."

Frederick nodded and shook each Headhunters hand. "Good luck."

Roland nodded farewell and they moved off toward the fight.

**\*\*Fifteen hours later\*\***

Onyx had longer day cycles than Earth, but only by about two hours. Purple team had set up in a position overlooking the instructor base camp.

"Blue is in position." Roland whispered to Jonah. Even with the advanced helmets, it was easy to forget you couldn't be heard and whisper anyway.

"I knowâ€¦. I can see their Nav marker just as well as you



can."

"Once more over the plan then." Roland said, trying to keep Jonah's mind off the fight ahead. Most people got scared before a fight, but not Jonah. Jonah was the most alive when he was closest to death, and waiting overwatching their prey wasn't the best thing for him. It was a kin to placing a starving soldier in front of a buffet and ordering him not to eat until told to do so. A good soldier will follow orders, but it doesn't make it any less painful.

"It'll be completely dark in a few minutes, when one of us sees a good opening, we move forward, closing to one hundred meters. We flash go lights to Green, Yellow, and Blue so they know we are about to kick it off." Jonah paused and cracked his neck. "Then, we deploy flash bangs and dummy frags to disorientate and lock up as many as possible."

Roland cut in. "We go tent by tent, dropping everything we see moving, then once the area is secure, we flash Black to let them know we are secure and begin moving all the down hostiles to the center of the camp."

"I haven't decided what to do to them yet." Jonah mockingly whined.

"Nothin. Don't do anything to them. Just police the weapons and gear and stack the bodies. Then we set up in case any of the patrols start coming in." Roland looked over to Jonah's position.

"Got it mom, and I won't stay out past eleven."

"Hmpf, just watch for a good time to hit." Roland replied, activating his helmets internal binoculars and zooming in on the compound. Jonah's view icon on his HUD showed that he had done the same.

After nearly an hour, nothing had changed to make their approach any easier. The compound was not walled, but had sentries walking posts. The tents were set up in a circular arrangement, with the entrances all facing inward. There were probably anywhere from ten to forty hostiles in the camp. As Jonah watched for a break between the guards, a twig snapped off to his 4 o'clock. He slowly turned his head to see two instructors moving quietly through the brush. Just as he noticed them, they appeared on his motion tracker.

"Rol, on my 4. Two guysâ€¦. I had this stupid motion tracker set to only ten meters. I'm bumping it back out to fifty."

"They're on a direct impact course with you. I have a shot from here on one of them." Roland clicked on his 3X sight. "If they get on top of you, I'll drop one, and you handle the other."

"Roger." Jonah slid his suppressed M6C off his leg.

"No, I'm Roland." He said as he clicked the safety off his M7S.

"No, I'm Roland" Jonah mocked, trying to copy Roland's voice. "Let me know when yur taking the shot."

"They haven't seen you yet." Roland inhaled deeply and prepared to fire.

"Tracker says three meters." Jonah gripped his M6C tighter, preparing to shoot them man.

"Taking the shotâ€¦" Roland squeezed nice and lightly on his trigger. The reticule was directly over the man's chest as Roland let a three round burst go. The recoil carried the hits up. The first shot hit the chest, next in the neck, and the last shot struck the man in the head.

As Jonah heard the M7S cough, he rolled onto his back, uncovering him from his camouflage position. He saw the rounds strike the first instructor and saw the second bringing his MA5B to bear on where Roland likely was. Jonah only had his pistol halfway up but started firing anyway cranking off six shots, which struck the man from his knee to his shoulder. "Jay, I'm moving on the tents!" Roland shouted over the radio.

"Roger, I'm right behind you." Jonah jumped up as he reloaded and stowed his M6C. Bringing his own M7S to bear, he followed Roland into the tent area. The closest guard looked up because of the ruckus and was greeted by a double tap from Roland. "Lights out buddy." Roland mumbled as he ran past.

"Goin right, I just flashed the other squads. They should be movin in as well so check yur fire."

"Understood. You have two coming out of the next tent."

Jonah's M7S coughed twice. "Not anymore. I'm fragging the tent." Jonah slid the pin out of the grenade and bowled it in.

"Come onâ€¦" Jonah heard some guy mumble before it went off with a deep boom.

"Roland, far side of the compound. They're setting up an emplacement." Six of the instructors had set up a belt fed machine gun and we're waiting for Roland to round the corner when one was hit.

"That you?"

"Negative." Two more of the instructors dropped. "Must be overwatch." And with that, down went the other three.

Roland heard more coughing from suppressed SMGs which had to be the other teams. "The other teams can handle those tents. Let's take the last one."

"Where's it at?" Jonah asked as he moved toward Roland.

"Meet me at my NAV point." Roland flashed a NAV point at the largest tent.

"On my way." Jonah jogged up outside the tent.

"Alright, we'll both double flash it, then go in."

"And I'm the one with the overkill issue?"

"I just want to be sure." Roland took out two flash bangs and pulled each pin.

"I have point." Jonah said. "On my markâ€|. Three, two, one, MARK!" Four flash bangs entered the tent. Jonah's helmet system muffled the four 250 decibel explosions. As the fourth went off, Jonah rolled around the corner of the tent entrance and everything went into slow motion. He saw eight men spread out through the tent. All had weapons pointed toward the entrance, but the flash bangs had confused them. They seemed lazy and slow as they tried to bring their weapons back up.

\_Patpatpatpatpatpatpat\_. Jonah swept along the first five and just as M7S clicked empty, Roland moved into the room. He dropped two more as Jonah drew his M6C and drew a bead on the last man who was bringing his arm up. "Grenade! Out out out!" Jonah shouted as he saw the grenade in the man's hand. He fired a few rounds as he turned to run, several of which hit the man, dropping him, which intern dropped the grenade.

Roland was already halfway out the door as Jonah followed. The both sprinted as far from the tent as they could before, \_Whump\_! "That sounds like ENDEX to me." Jonah said with a huge grin plastered on his face.

"That was easy." Roland replied.

"Nah, it wasn't too easy, but I bet the instructors are either down for the count or about to retaliate." Jonah looked around the area, not seeing any type of movement. The two headhunters from Yellow team walked up.

"We're all locked down." A female Spartan said. Jonah didn't recognize her voice and he really didn't know any of the other headhunters all that well, save a few he could recognize.

"Alright, let's get ready for a counter attack of some type." Roland motioned for them to move to the left side of the camp.

"Let's check this body real quick." Jonah said, looking at one of the guys the snipers had dropped.

Roland nodded and grabbed the back of the man's shirt, preparing to role him over. Jonah stood opposite the man with his weapon raised. "Three, two, one, NOW." Roland jerked the man over and Jonah saw a lock up mortar round.

"Bomb!" He shouted as he dove forward. Jonah knew that the explosive was strong enough to lock all of them up if unshielded in some way. He felt the hardness of the round as he curled himself over it. His HUD view of Roland was of the dirt that he had dove into for cover. The last thing Jonah saw was a flash of purple and he felt pain all over his body as the shock wave lifted him up and dumped him a few meters away. Jonah felt the air escape his lungs as he landed on his back and was un able to move at all as the blackness settled in.

\_\*\*This is one of the longer chapters. As it covered a long day in the training. I realize I could have gone into several different thing for training, but I figured a war game seemed legitimate.

Reviews are appreciated. \*\*\_

### 3. Chapter 3

\_\*\*Chapter 3 is now up! If I owned Halo, do you think I would be on here writing? Heck no! I'd be out using all the millions I have. But I am on here, so I must not own Halo or the charactersâ€¦|.

\*\*\_

\*\*Chapter 3\*\*

\*\*2345-10/August/2545/ Halo Universe\*\*

\*\*Somewhere on Onyx\*\*

"\_AHHHH!" Jonah looked around and could see the Covenant overrunning his home. A jackel was in the corner devouring his still living older sister, flinging her blood everywhere in the process. He could smell the discharged plasma and the burning flesh of his father from when the Elite shot him after he tried to fight. His mother had been killed earlier that day by the airstrikes. He could see any other members of his family from his hiding spot inside the kitchen cabinet. An Elite walked into the room with a few Grunts in tow. The Grunts spread out and searched all the places in the house as the Elite watched. Jonah held his breath as one neared where he was. He gripped his older brothers knife in a white knuckled hold, preparing to use it. As the grunt opened the cabinet, Jonah plunged the knife up to the hilt into it's soft neck. Neon blue blood shot everywhere coating Jonah's hand and face as the grunt gurgled, choking on its own blood. The Elite looked over, roared, and stomped over to the cabinet, readying it's plasma rifle. As it flung open the doors, all Jonah could do was curl up in the corner with his knife held in front of him. The Elite let out a guttural laughâ€¦| as it reached for Jonah when suddenly; a blur of green struck the Elite and knocked it to the ground sending purple blood and a few sharp teeth around the room.\_

\_"Why don't you pick on somebody your own size?" The droid like creature said. Jonah could only stare at his savior. He was clad in a dull green armor like the knights of old he read about with his brother. His helmet looked modern and his golden visor shown in the semi darkness. The Grunts and Jackels ran from the house and Jonah heard human gunfire.\_

\_The Elite roared once again and rushed the man. He simply sidestepped his rush and kicked him in the knee. Jonah watch ad the Elite's knee bent back in a way it wasn't meant to. The Elite Roared yet again, but this time in pain as the masked man removed a pistol and shot the Elite through the head.\_

\_The gun shot echoed through the walls of the house for what seemed like years as Jonah sat there. The man reached in and pulled Jonah out of the cabinet. Craddeing a six year old like a baby was no difficulty for the giant of a man. As he walked out of the house a Marine ran up to take Jonah from him. As he was passed from man to man, Jonah looked back. "What are you?" he asked.\_

"\_I am a Spartan." And with that, the green armored man took off running toward sounds of gunfire and was gone. The Marine laid him in

the back of a shuttle to be taken to Reach and an orphanage for war children there. As he was laid down, Jonah fell asleep, the next sound he heard was his name being whispered "Jonah, Jonah, Jonah." And it slowly grew every louder as the blackness rolled away.\_

"JONAH!" Roland shouted for the hundredth time into his ears. The explosion had knocked him out cold and locked up most of his armor systems. Roland had managed to remove his helmet and assess him for injuries. Now he was just trying to wake him as rounds flew about.

"What!" Jonah finally replied, trying to sit up.

"Finally!" Roland reached behind him and helped him sit up. A round kicked the dirt up next to them. "Come on, I need to move you to cover."

Jonah pushed with his feet as Roland dragged him to a tent. "The instructors retaliated. They hit back pretty hard before all the positions could be set up."

"How long was I out?"

"About an hour or so." Roland chipped away some of the lockup splatter off Jonah's armor. "Stupid idea by the way. We would have all been clear."

"It was a mortar soâ€¦ no, ya wouldn't a been."

"Well, thanksâ€¦ It means a lot to me."

Jonah pulled some more of the stuff off. "Don't mention it. What else are friends for?"

Roland chipped away at the last of the lockup splatter. "Well, let's get back to it, shall we?"

Jonah chambered a new round in his sidearm and racked his M7S. "I do believe we shall."

**\*\*1013-27/November/2545/ Halo Universe\*\***

**\*\*Somewhere on Onyx\*\***

"So, the det cord goes here?" Jonah reached for the reddish tinted wire and wrapped it around part of the door frame.

"Yes, and I place the breaching charge by the hinges." Roland took a magnetic charge out of his pack.

Today was demolitions training. They had finished most of the field testing, done re entry in drop pods, had a basic medical course, gone over every Covenant weapon and piece of Tech that ONI had and now they were wrapping it up. Soon, the head hunters would be out on there own, and the skills they learned here would determine whether or not they survived.

"Any hostages inside?" Jonah asked.

"None from intel. This is to be a hit and run."

"Well, in that case.. 'When in doubt' you know." Jonah was placing a block of C12 plastic explosives by the door.

"No people inside we don't want to killâ€¦|. Just make sure you don't bring the building down."

Jonah wired the C12 to the breaching charges and melted back into the shadows where Roland was. "Ready to breach?"

"In 5, 4, 3," Jonah pressed his thumb down on the detonator, arming it. "2, 1. Take it." As the words left Roland's mouth, Jonah released the detonator. His visor kicked in, automatically dimming to protect his eyes from the blast and his helmet greatly reduced the sound of the blast, but boy did he feel it. The shock wave seemed to enter from his boots and rise through his head, but lingered in his teeth. His was on his feet and moving before the shrapnel had even started to fall.

"Flash out." He calmly said as the flash bang rolled through what was left of the door way.

"You got point. I'm on you six." Roland fell in behind Jonah, as everything seemed to slow down.

As they entered, Jonah swept left and right. "Clear. Moving right." As he moved down a hallway, the corner stuck out like a zit on a prom queens face.

"Corner, high-low?"

"I've got low."

"On three then."

"One, two," Roland joined on "THREE!" and the two Spartans came around the corner, Jonah was in a deep crouch scanning low and Roland stood upright scanning high. Several metal targets were set up in the room and the two M7S's spat out silenced rounds toward the targets.

"Clear?" Roland asked, sweeping the room once more.

"Clear. Seven targets down." Jonah cautiously moved up to one. \_Paatinggg\_ "Eight down."

"Alright, time on target is thirty-five seconds. We're out at ninety." Jonah nodded and began grabbing everything he could and shoving it into a backpack.

Roland intern hooked up his helmet to the computer in the room and began downloading all the files as well as up loading an ONI sleeper virus that would transmit anything else found and wreck the computer if the virus was located. "Seventy-two." Roland calmly said

"I'm up." Joanh started moving down the hall way toward their entrance.

"On your six." Roland replied as the upload process

completed.

"Outside looks clear."

"Got a cam?"

"Yes, but I don't want to waste it. I'll just take a peak."

"It's your head."

"That it is." Jonah stuck his head out from around the corner. "We're clear. You can take point now."

Roland nodded and was the first one out of the doorway. He moved quickly to the tree line and waited for Jonah.

"What's taking you?" Roland hissed.

"Just leaving a quick little surprise. With you in ten." Roland covered Jonah as he jogged to the tree line.

"One hundred thirteen seconds from detonation until we were both clear." Jonah didn't seem to be paying attention. "Could have been better."

"Headlights. It's the guards."

"Let's beat feet then."

"Wait one." Jonah took out the detonator again.

"Do not kill them." Roland prepared to reprimand Jonah for again playing with his pursuers.

"I won't. I'm just going to convince them not to follow us." The truck parked about one hundred yards from the building and eight guards piled out and set up a perimeter.

"Go, there probably still inside!" One shouted.

"Not likely." Jonah chuckled as he again released the detonator. While he didn't feel it as much, it looked just as beautiful to him. The fireball shooting out of the windows with an orangish red tint, accented by the darkness of the night. The explosion knocked the men to the ground as the building began to collapse. Before one of the guards had even stood up, the pair of headhunters were long gone.

\_\_\*\*So, we had a Jonah flash back and another training mission. The real stuff will start soon! \*\*\_\_

#### 4. Chapter 4

\_\_\*\*Alright, so I haven't updated in forever! I went back through hand made some minor changes to chapters 1-3. I have finished the story and am in the process of uploading it all. One thing I hate is when someone doesn't finish a story. Even if it sucked, I still hate when it just stops. So I will not be a person like that and I will finish it! I still don't own Halo! \*\*\_\_

**\*\*Chapter 4\*\***

**\*\*0930-07/February/2546/ Halo Universe\*\***

**\*\*Headhunter Training Facility\*\***

**\*\*Onyx\*\***

"Spartans, ATTEN-HUH!" Gunny Hawkins bellowed. The entire Headhunter class stood to attention. They were in UNSC fatigues instead of their armor.

"Spartans, good job on completing this course." LCDR Kurt Ambrose said from a theater like platform. Apparently he had approved and known about the headhunter program from the beginning. "You have learned from the very best. You have stalked, killed, blown up, and studied Covenant Technology. You will be the literal tip of the spear for UNSC forces. No one outside of this room save for a few members of ONI brass will every even know of your existence, however, Humanity will owe you a large debt of gratitude."

Jonah stood next to Roland with the rest of the class. He stared into infinity as he had been taught, but listen to every word from the LCDR. Jonah was more than ready to take the fight to the Covenant he felt his knife that he wore under his pants on his right leg, and remembered his family.

"You will be called up by your training color, given the headhunter badge, and given a codename for your team." Jonah allowed his eyes to move as he watched Black team go up. They had scored the best out of any unit for any event. Jonah knew he and Roland probably could have been the best if the instructors didn't take points off for playing.

"Purple. Alpha-211 Jonah and Alpha-258 Roland. Second place in all events except for the day one, team event." Jonah and Roland marched up to the podium and saluted. LCDR Ambrose returned the salute and placed the Headhunter badge in each young man's hand. The badge was a golden skull, with an ancient Roman sword through the head. A pair of historic M1 Garand rifles crossed behind it. Part of the Headhunter mantra 'When in doubt' was inscribed across the top of the skull.

"Congratulations." LCDR Ambrose saluted both of them.

"Thank you sir. We won't let you down." Roland said for both of them.

As the two of them marched over toward Gunny Hawkins, Kurt muttered to himself, \_"I know you won't."\_

"Jonah, Roland." Gunny Hawkins looked at the two young men. "Your team name is to be Dagger. Your first mission should be coming down the pipe soon. Good luck."

"Thank you Gunny." Jonah grinned. "Sorry about the instructors who couldn't be here. I would have thought the lockup would have worn off by now."



The Gunny's face fell. "Dismissed." He barked and the two of them jogged off from the area back to their barracks.

"I'm going for some food." Roland said as he put his SPI armor back on. The Spartans didn't feel right outside of it. "Want to come?"

Jonah replaced all of his armor plates and shook his head. "No thanks, I'm gonna get some rest. No reason not to sleep when we can." Jonah slid his knife into the sheath on his armor.

Roland nodded and left as Jonah laid down on his rack. He set an alarm in his helmet and shut his eyes.

"\_AHHHH!" Jonah looked around again and could see the Covenant overrunning his home. The jackel was still devouring his sister, but one thing had changed this time. He could still smell the discharged plasma and the burning flesh of his father from when the Elite shot him after he tried to fight and his mother had still been killed earlier that day by the airstrikes. But this time, Jonah was in his SPI armor. No longer a small child, he was now a fully trained and armored Spartan.

><em>

"\_Let's try this again." Jonah said to himself as he stitched a string of rounds across the Jackel, dropping it to the ground. He swung to his left and drew a bead on a grunt. A double tap and a spray of blood as it dropped like a log. He moved through the rest of his house, killing two more grunts before rounding a corner to find the Elite.\_

\_"Remember me?" Jonah thought as he held the trigger down on his M7S, widdling away at the Elites shielding. The Elite returned fire with his plasma rifle which Jonah side stepped with ease. His M7S clicked empty and he drew his sidearm. He feathered the trigger and sent eight slugs of lead toward the elite. The seventh round dropped the shields as Jonah backed through a door way, removing himself from the Elites line of sight. He stepped into a shadowed part of the room and drew his knife. The Elite stalked into the room and fired into the direction where Jonah had gone. Jonah slid up right behind the Elite and slid his knife up into its jaws. The knife pressed directly into the brain cavity and killed the Elite. Dark purple blood oozed down Jonah's hand as he twisted the knife to ensure he cut the major blood vessels.\_

\_A Spartan II stepped into the room and looked to see Jonah standing over the Elite. Jonah fired a few suppressed bullets into the Elite's carcass. "Go on." Jonah said to him. "I'm secure here." The Spartan nodded and left, and Jonah heard a faint beeping. He immediately started looking for some type of trap or explosive device before he awoke.\_

Jonah sat up in his rack and reached for his helmet to turn off the alarm. He realized that he had a cold sweat running down his body even though he was wearing his armor. Roland walked into the room to see Jonah sitting up in his rack.

"You alright?"

"Yeahâ€¦" Jonah placed his face in his hands.

"You had the dream again, didn't you?" Roland asked as he sat down on the rack across from Jonah.

"What dream?" Jonah asked, trying to play it down.

"Don't try to hide it. I have seen you thrashing and mumbling in your sleep before." Roland tapped the side of Jonah armored shoulder lightly. "I can't have my wingman going off the deep end. Tell me what is going on."

Jonah hung his head slightly. "Rol, if you tell another soul about this, it'll be the end of you."

Roland acted hurt, "Jonah! I would neverâ€¦! In all seriousness, who would I tell?"

"Fine, it is the dream of when my family was killed and how a Spartan II saved me." Roland nodded. "This last one though, I was who I am now. I didn't need the Spartan, because I am a Spartan now. I killed the Covvies all on my own."

"Well, maybe this dream is being resolved then."

"Let's hope so." Jonah stood and stretched. "Thanks for listening man. It means a lot."

"Any time, psycho."

"We get our orders yet?"

"Yeah, that's why I was coming back in here."

"Well?"

"A Search and Destroy mission behind Covenant lines."

"Sounds simple enough. When do we leave?" Jonah picked up his helmet as he walked toward his locker.

"Now."

\_\*\*Finally off on a real mission! \*\*\_

## 5. Chapter 5

\_\*\*You know the drill. I don't own in, nor will I own it. Review if you would please! \*\*\_

\*\*Chapter 5\*\*

\*\*1130-11/February/2546/ Halo Universe\*\*

\*\*Deep Cover/ Behind UNSC-Covenant Lines/Search and Destroy\*\*

\*\*Planet: Unknown\*\*

"You up?" Roland asked as he pulled himself from his SOEIV.

"Yea, I'm good." Jonah radioed back. "No sign of the rally point on my HUD. Let me pull up the tacmap and see what's goin on."

"I have the RV about two hundred meters out at about seventy five degrees from my insert point." Roland stood and checked his sectors.

"Gotcha, I'm about a click from the RV, but I'm also a click from the alternate."

Roland pulled up his tacmap. "Alright, head for the alternate. See you in ten."

Recovering his rucksack and M7S from the pod, Roland started off. They had inserted on this planet to destroy a methane mining factory. The Covenant cannonfodder troops, Grunts, needed it to breathe. It didn't seem like a terribly hard operation Roland thought as he tracked towards the alternate RV point.

"Hey, what do you think of this?"

"Of what? Trekking through the woods and a desolate planet in the middle of nowhere, or the mission period."

"The mission." Roland rolled his eyes inside of his helmet.

"Welp, we've got two government funded killers going to blow up a methane factoryâ€¦ In all honesty, wouldn't a two year old with a match have been cheaper?" Jonah signed loudly, causing Roland to grimace.

"My point exactly, except for the two year old. A squad of ODST's could have handled this no problem." Roland scanned the tree line for any view of hostile aircraft or snipers.

"So why'd ya figure they sent us?"

"Hold up." Roland raised his M7S to his shoulder and zoomed in on a trio of grunts that were moving towards him. "I got three grunts moving toward me."

Jonah made a humpfing sound in the mic. "Why'd you get first contact?"

"Just be thankful it was me. If it was you, you'd already have thrown a grenade at them."

"Nah, if I did that, there is still a chance one could survive."

Roland grinned at Jonah's statement. "Alright, I'm thinkin I aught to just pass these guys."

"Nah, go ahead and drop em. I'm two minutes out from the alternate, and we don't want them catching on before we light the fuse."

Roland drew a bead on the left grunt. They were walking in a loose "V" formation, and it would be simply to spray caseless ammo across their beady little faces. "Alright, I'm taking them." Roland slowly

squeezed the trigger and as soon as he felt the first shot firing just below subsonic speed, he tugged the weapon to the right. Bullets smashed through the grunts masks and faces, sending neon blue blood flying as all three dropped like the corpses they now were.

"My god," Jonah exclaimed quietly "I think I heard a squirrel fart."

"There are no squirrels here, Jay."

"Hmâ€¦ must have been you then. I've got you on my HUD, must be close by."

Roland scanned the area motionless. He could see nothing that led him to believe his brother in arms was out there. Roland slowly lifted his hand to activate his VISR. As it clicked on, it cast the world before him in a color coded scheme. Inanimate objects, including bodies were a dull yellow. Objects of interest a neon yellow, hostiles were red, and friends were green.

"Wondered when you'd turn it on." Jonah mumbled walking out from Roland's left.

"Nice spot, good concealment."

"Gotta hide myself from the ladies, they scuff up the armor."

"We both know you'll never have any luck with them."

Jonah walked over and picked up the grunts plasma grenades and pistols. "Like you will?"

"I plan on living to tell of my exploits one dayâ€¦ when there no longer classified that is." Roland took a pistol and plasma grenade from Jonah and attached them to the magnetic points on his armor.

"Eh, you'll probably bite it as soon as I stop holding your hand."

"We'll see. Anyway, you ready to head out?" Roland looked around once more.

"Yeah, I got a birthday party to go light."

"The site is only five clicks out. Should have enough time to get there, light the candles, maybe even stay for presents, and still get to the EP while it's dark."

Jonah silently nodded and took point. The hike was rather uneventful, until they neared the facility. The leaves under Jonah's feet made an ever so slight rustling as the three hundred pounds of muscle, metallic bone, and armor delicately stepped on them. Ahead was a huge factory looking complex. It was the Covenant's favorite color, a dark purple, and had to cover nearly an acre of land, with several hundred feet of the trees had been cleared out around it and a few covenant barrier walls were set up. The entire thing seemed almost to be coming out of a mountain from across the valley where Jonah and Roland now stood.

"Manâ€¦ that's a big place." Roland turned on his VISR and zoomed in with his M7S scope. Off the East side, several large pylons moved up and down, making an odd sucking sound as each came up.

"Them pylonsâ€¦ I bet ya twenty credits they'll take down the entire facility."

"I'm not much of a betting man Jay. But if I was, I'd lay them down." Roland shook his head and lowered his weapon.

"Got any hostiles?" Jonah scanned around there position, just to be safe.

"Just a few grunts and jackels." Roland took a few steps forward. "Security seems to be pretty light, which is expected. We are in the middle of nowhere."

Jonah checked his detonator the explosives. "So we drop a few on the way in, set some C12 on the pylons from the roof, and get the heck out before we light it like a cheap cigar."

"Works for meâ€¦" Roland took point as the neared the facility. "I'd love some of that covie active camo right about now." They were slowly crawling across the open ground near the factory.

"Eh, just give me something that cuts like butter or goes bang." Jonah sighted in on a grunt perched atop the low wall. "I'm easy to please."

"You got em?"

Pfft. The subsonic .45 caliber pistol round entered the grunts body just below the methane mask it wore. It entered at a slight angle and exited near the top of its head, taking with it the grunts ability to do anything. Brains are kinda needed for those smaller functions, like breathing, telling your heart to beat, that sorta stuff. "Yea." Jonah check the left and right. "We're clear."

The two headhunters silently scaled the low wall and moved to the edge of the factory. As with any covenant structure, the sides of the building we not simply vertical, but seemed to arch up, almost as if it was a hill. Roland silently removed a small grappling cable and launched it to the top of the building.

"You go first." Roiland said to Jonah. "I don't trust you to not go give a grunt a wedgie." Jonah smiled under his helmet and quickly scaled the building.

"I'm up, but you better get up here and see this." Roland grabbed the line and began to ascend. He reached the top and looked out toward the West.

"Crapâ€¦" There was a landing pad with a dozen elites standing on it awaiting a shuttle.

"Think there leaving or waiting for buddies?" Jonah sited in on the nearest one, but even he wasn't brash enough to engage twelve elites.

"I say we don't stick around to find out." Roland said as he started

to move towards the pylons.

"You got the demo, I'll stay and watch these guys."

"Please don't do anything stupid." Roland placed five pounds of C12 onto the first pylon. "As long as you're over there, set the incendiaries, add five seconds or so to the detonation time."

"Got it." Jonah removed the thermite explosives, guaranteed to burn at several thousand degrees for at least thirty seconds. He went ahead and placed them along a conduit and set the times to delay for five seconds.

"Shuttle coming in. Rol, you about finished?" Jonah sited in on the approaching Phantom that was coming in the same way they came in.

"Last one. Give me thirty seconds to get back to you."

Jonah looked down and saw two jackels moving towards the dead grunt. "I don't think we have thirty seconds." He pulled his pistol out and prepared to descend on top of the jackels.

"I gotta take these two or they'll blow out cover."

Roland looked down where Jonah had flashed a point on his HUD. "Got em. I got you covered from here."

Jonah took a quick deep breath and jumped. He ran down the angled side of the factory directly towards the two jackels. They were too busy wondering why the grunt wouldn't respond to notice the Spartan plowing towards them. Jonah smacked into the first and simply grabbed its bird like head and rotated it two hundred degrees to the rear. A resounding snap gave him confidence that he only had to deal with one more. He could see the second jackel moving almost in slow motion as he raised his M6C and fired three rounds into its chest. Purple blood splattered the wall behind it, joining the neon blue blood of the fallen grunt.

"How's it looking up there?"

"We're clear. I'll be down in ten." Roland attached a second cable and descended at a hurried pace, but not at Jonah's speed.

"To the woods."

"Right behind you." Roland clasped the detonator in his left hand. They simply sprinted across the open ground that they had painstakingly crawled over.

"DEMONS!" An Elite bellowed, seeing the two humans running across the open. He and his brothers opened fire with their plasma weapons as one reached for a beam rifle.

"Nearing the three hundred meter blast radius." Jonah huffed.

"Go three fifty just to be safe" Roland retorted as the first beam of plasma whipped past his head. "On second thought, this is good." Roland slid behind a fallen long into a slight depression and tucked his head into his chest instinctively.

"Fire in the hole." He clicked the detonator as Jonah watched on. The first explosion was smaller, the twenty or so pounds of C12 blew out the pylons and created a cloud of methane that spewed out of the ground where they had been extracting it. What seemed like a lifetime later, the thermite went off, igniting the methane and creating a massive fireball that began to set off a chain reaction inside of the facility. With a final explosion, the entire place was set ablaze, lighting up the woods all around the two Spartans. They stood slowly and viewed their handiwork.

"Ya know, we look pretty beast in this light." Jonah said admiring himself.

Roland turned and looked back at his teammate. "Let's go home." He muttered.

## 6. Chapter 6

\_\*\*I still don't own Halo. Reviews are appreciated. This is a shorter chapter, but it is another mission! \*\*\_

\*\*Chapter 6\*\*

\*\*0341-27/February/2546/ Halo Universe\*\*

\*\*Deep Cover/ Behind UNSC-Covenant Lines/Personal removal  
\*\*

\*\*Planet: Unknown\*\*

"0340, and it is broad stinking daylight." Jonah mumbled.

"0341. And that is how planets work. Just because it is dark on earth, doesn't mean much for here."

"Yea, and also not all of earth is dark right now." Jonah shuffled a bit inside of the hiding hole. The two head hunters were over watching a Covenant landing pad. "Two days rotting in this hole next to you, and the fun hasn't even begun yet."

Roland checked the landing pad over with his SRS99D-S2 AM Sniper rifle. "Still no movement other than the brutes on the platform."

Jonah zoomed in to 10X magnification with his own precession weapon. "Yeah, just the heavy labor." The planet they were on was a desolate, grey, crater marked planet. A Covenant base was there almost for no reason at all. Jonah and Roland had dug a shallow pit and then camouflaged the top. Two small firing ports allowed them to position their rifles in an optimal area to fire on their target.

"You think intel is good this time?"

"Nah, but just in case they managed to do something right for once, we better be here." Jonah adjusted his optic slightly.

"True, very true." Roland paused for a few moments and watched as two brutes got into a roaring match that ended with the bigger one

clobbering the smaller to the ground. "So what if the chieftain already came by?"

"Then you just gotta lay next to me til our rations run out and we head to evac."

"Ugh, don't give me nightmares."

"What, it's not like I'd go after you like those Brutes down there."

"Yeah, your still psychopath."

Jonah looked over at his fellow headhunter. "Why thank you. I'll take that as a complement."

"Seriously though, you carved a grunt to pieces while it was still alive on our last mission."

"Andâ€¦ you point is?"

"The mission before that, when we blew the factoryâ€¦ you cackled like a mad man when the charges went off."

"You should have seen it. Nothing quite like an explosion to brighten your day."

"So yeah, you're a psycho. Need I say more?"

"Do I scare ya then?" Jonah chuckled under his breath.

"Nah, I can take you. It's the guys on the other end of your sites I worry about." Roland rolled over slowly and remove a dry ration, removed his helmet and started to chew.

Jonah set his helmet speakers to the lowest possible. "Well, we are fighting a group of alien races, bent on our destruction."

"Then we're fine, right?" Roland mumbled.

"Right. Put your helmet back on. I think we might have company."

Roland slid his helmet back into place and shouldered his rifle.

"Yeah, I see it." A Spirit drop ship came out of the clouds and settled down on the landing pad. The hatches opened and several armor clad Brutes stepped out.

"They're heading for their transports." Jonah zoomed on each Brute, trying to find the Chieftian.

Roland was also scanning the pad. "Back of the group. The one about to tear the grunt apart with the massive hammer."

"Yea, I get em. I think he's our boy."

Roland inhaled deeply, he heard Jonah doing the same. Roland inhaled twice more until they were in unison. Speaking slowly as he continued



to inhale and exhale, Roland spoke. "I'll take the head, you go center mass. One shot. Range is thirteen hundred meters."

"Got it. On you."

Roland inhaled once more and counted down. "Threeâ€| twoâ€| one" CRACK! Both rifles went off in unison. Their 14.5 x 114mm AP-FS-DS(Armor Piercing, Fin-Stabilized, Discarding Sabot traveled down range like streaks of lightning. Roland's round hit the Brute squarely in the jaw, dropping the shield and removing the lower jaw bone all while causing massive trauma followed by Jonah's round hitting square in the chest, punching through the front armor like paper and then proceeding to bounce around a few times inside of the Brutes chest cavity.

"Good shot." Roland called out.

Jonah nodded and sited in on a grunt. "Can I drop the grunts now?"

"Hold it, the Brutes have made it to their transportsâ€|" Roland paused. "What the? They're headed this way!"

Jonah snapped onto the transports. "Stupid things, don't they know you run and hide from a sniper."

"There's enough of them that they might make it here. Do we fire and give ourselves away hoping we can drop them all, or let them pass?"

Jonah responded, not with words, but with the resounding crack of his rifle as the driver of the lead Ghost fell from the saddle.

Roland sighed and squeezed off the remaining three rounds in his magazine into a Revenant. The first shot hit the passenger, causing the drier to duck under the follow up round, however the third struck a fuel cell and the entire craft was engulfed in plasma.

The two headhunters alternated fire, dropping seven different craft before they closed within five hundred meters. Four Ghosts and a Revenant continued to speed towards them. The Revenant fired a blast from its cannon.

"Incoming!" Roland sited in on the falling blob of red plasma. "It looks like it will fall short."

Jonah safed his weapon and grabbed his M7S. "Target the Revenant. I've got an idea."

"What the hell are you doing?" Roland set the Revenant ablaze at four hundred and thirty meters out.

Jonah climbed outside of their hiding hole. "Drop two more Ghosts then get out here with me!"

Roland shook his head and dropped a Ghost at three eighty and at three hundred. He grabbed his own M7S and joined Jonah to stare down the Ghosts.

"This will never work." Roland tensed his muscles in preparation for

something he had heard of being done, but had never done himself.

Jonah looked towards Roland as the Ghost's closed within two hundred meters. "Eh, it'll work."

As the Ghost's continued to speed towards them, the two headhunters peppered them with fire from their SMGs.

The lead Ghost went after Roland. As it closed within twenty meters, Roland lunged as hard as he could out of the way. The Ghost swerved to strike him, but missed, overshooting Roland. He then turned and sprayed the unarmored backside, killing the Brute and causing the Ghost to drop to the ground.

Jonah did a similar tactic, however instead of simply rolling away, as the Ghost passed within inches of him, he shot his armored hand out and grabbed on. Using his momentum, he swung around and knocked the Brute from the seat of the Ghost. Roland seeing this happen, peppered the Brute as Jonah swung about and fried it with the Ghosts plasma repeater.

"Told ya." Jonah said, as he allowed his Ghost to hover while Roland made his way to the fallen Ghost.

"Yeah, so you saved us a few hours hike back to the \_Black Cat\_. Big deal, we could have been toast pretty easily as well." Roland clambered into the seat of the Ghost and revved the engine.

"Yur just jealous you didn't think of it." Jonah mumbled as he led the way to their extraction.

## 7. Chapter 7

\_\_\*\*Second to last chapter. Read and Reviewâ€¦|. I don't own Halo.  
\*\*\_

\*\*Chapter 7\*\*

\*\*1130-23/September/2546/ Halo Universe\*\*

\*\*Outside USNC Airspace, nearing possible incursionest stronghold.  
\*\*

\*\*Planet: Unknown, Moon: Unknown. \*\*

The two headhunters stood at attention inside of the ONI prowler. The held their helmets in their left arm but otherwise were a perfect picture of the position of attention. Across a low table from them, a trio of ODST's also stood, mirroring their position, but almost seeming to glare at the Spartans.

The ODST's were a Captain, Second Lieutenant, and Gunnery Sergeant, all seeming to be grizzled veterans of the Human-Covenant war.

An officer in a jet black Navy uniform strolled into the room. Generally, a room would be called to attention, except for when the men were already standing in the desired position.

"At ease gentleman." The Officer said, taking a seat at the head of the table. "Please, take a seat."

The Spartans felt the seats bend under the weight of their full armored bodies. "Spartans

A-211 Jonah and A-258 Roland, meet Captain Norman, Second Lieutenant Fila, and Gunnery Sergeant Oliver of the Second Orbital Drop Shock Trooper Regiment. You will be supporting them on this mission."

The two Spartans looked at each other and longed for the privacy of their helmets. "Yes sir." Roland spoke for the two of them.

The ONI man seemed to be fine with this and directed his attention to the Captain. "Captain Norman, you will be leading your men and a smash and grab inside of a known incursionest base."

The Captain coughed to clear his throat. "What are we grabbing?"

"Anything and everything that seems to be of value. That is what the Spartans are with you for. They are quick and lethal, able to break off at a moment's notice as an individual team."

The Captain glared at the two Spartans. "That is what I'm afraid of sir, the 'individual team' could get us killed."

Jonah squeezed his right hand into a hard fist under the table, but his face never betrayed him. He and Roland had never really been given a rank. He guessed maybe they were somewhere in the Petty Officer ranks, far below an officer and so, no rebuttal would come.

"I understand your feelings Captain, but I trust that they will not get in the way of the mission?"

"No sir, they will not." The Captain looked at his two men for questions.

"How exactly will we be inserting, sir?" The Lieutenant asked.

The ONI man leaned back in seat, seemingly pleased with himself. "We need you to be shock troopers, but not dropped from orbit. We are flying you and ninety of you closest friends directly into the enemy hanger. We have several transponder codes that will show you as friendly craft to them. There are estimated to be at least four hundred people inside." The ONI man leaned forward now. "All are hostile. Kill everything and everyone."

"Yes sir." The Lieutenant seemed satisfied, but shot a wary glance at the Spartans.

"Sir, what will the air situation be like?" The Gunny asked.

"Once the hanger doors shut, the entire place will be pressurized to one earth atm. However, do not compromise your suits, because blowing the doors is your best bet for an alternate exfil."

The ONI man looked back and forth at the three ODST's when Jonah spoke up. "Mr. ONI man— what are we getting for this hit?" The

Lieutenant seemed shocked, while the Gunny and the Captain seemed to look mildly amused at the Spartans.

The ONI man didn't even try to rebuke Jonah. These men were essentially fire and forget missiles. "You will be issued several new pieces of tech, Spartan. Please bring it back in one piece."

"One working piece." Roland emphasized to Jonah. "Not like two mission ago. A pile of smoldering metal and plastic maybe one piece, but it is unsat."

"Got it dad, and I won't stay out past eleven."

The ONI man decided to break it up. "You will need to be suited up and in the Pelicans in two hours. Good luck." He rose to leave.

"Attention!" The Gunny bellowed as all five men snapped to.

"Dismissed."

\*\*Two hours and five minutes later. \*\*

"WHAT ARE WE!" Captain Norman shouted over the comm frequency.

"OHH DEE ESS TEE!" Ninety voices rang out from across three Pelican Drop Ships. Jonah tapped the side of his helmet, motioning for Roland to switch to the closed channel.

Roland nodded and swapped channels. "Sorry, all this Gung Ho is getting to me."

Roland smiled "But doesn't it just make you want to drop it all and fall from the sky?"

Jonah sounded disgusted. "No, it don't." The Captain rapped on Jonah's helmet with his knuckle.

"Did you hear me Spartan? Get ready to roll!"

Jonah nodded as he and Roland stood, dwarfing many of the ODST's around them. Augmentations, no matter how few, made the human body so much more than average. These ODST's worshiped physical training, but even the fittest of them wouldn't have been a match for either Spartan.

Roland watched the cockpit cameras on his helmet feed and saw the hanger doors opening to the enemy base. He double checked the cloaking device he had been issued, the power was fully charged, but he doubted it would be needed. Jonah flexed his shoulders from across the room, his armor had been upgraded with a lockdown mode, making him as tough as covenant ship shields, but immobile. Roland also had a few throw down shields if needed.

"TEN SECONDS!"

Jonah looked at Roland as he slid his helmet over his face, covering the fecal eating grin he always wore just before a fight. The Pelican shuttered as it set down. The rear door cracked slightly and then

began to lower.

"Firing!" an ODS'T shouted. A small charge blew the rear door off the Pelican and the ODS'T's and Spartans stormed out. Gun fire rang out from all sides as the surprised hostiles were cut down from fire coming from over ninety different UNSC personnel.

"Spartans! Take the hanger controls!" The Captain shouted, pointing to a small room up on the scaffolding on the other side of the hanger. Roland nodded and took off with Jonah right behind him. Jonah dropped a few targets as the sprinted the hundred meters or so to the far side.

"Give me a boost?" Jonah asked as he stood under the room. It was about thirty feet off the ground.

"Gotcha." Roland crouched slightly and interlocked his fingers to give Jonah something to push off of. "Three, two, ONE!" Roland lifted with all his strength as Jonah kicked off, rocketing him upwards. He landed on top of the building and simply grabbed the sheet metal roof and peeled it back.

"Looks like it's quit'in timeâ€|" Jonah said to the two men inside shortly before a .45 suppressed slug entered each man's head. "Clear."

"Captain, we have secured the controls." Roland called in. "Recommend you send a few men to hold it as we move on. Over."

"I have three men coming up behind you. They will hold until it is time to exfil. Over."

"Roger that sir, we are continuing on search and destroy. Roland out."

A small firefight had erupted down one of the access tunnels that the ODS'T's had started to clear. Roland moved towards it and simply walked up to a incursionast and broke him like a twig. "You four," Roland pointed out the four forward most ODS'T's "with us. Everyone else, go kill stuff."

Roland took point down the access tunnel that led deeper into the instillation. Jonah fell in behind him with the four ODS'T's bringing up the rear. Jonah turned and looked at the ODS'T's and tapped his helmet. This meant he was sending a frequency to their helmets so they would have comms with the Spartans. "You four good?" Jonah asked quietly.

"Yes sir. We're right behind you. Let us know what is going on ahead." The smallest of the ODS'T's spoke for the group, he had corporal stripes on his chest plate. Jonah found the irony funny.

"Contact on the motion tracker, forty seven meters out." Roland spoke.

"Got em. You four copy?" Jonah looked back as four heads bobbed with a yes.

"I wish we had some schematics of this place. It would make our lives

a heck of a lot easier." Jonah didn't reply. It wasn't really like Roland to complain on an open net.

They continued on through the tunnel, never coming across a thing. Eventually the tunnel started to widen and gunfire could be heard outside. "It seems to be opening up." Roland double checked his fire selector on his M7S.

The six figures moved into the semi darkness pocketed with flashes of gunfire. It seemed that dozens of incursionists had held themselves up inside of this loading room. They had the blast doors locked down with machine gun fire, preventing the ODST's from breaching.

Roland clicked on his VISR and took in the room. Shipping crates were everywhere, providing adequate cover but the catwalks above would be better for suppressing. He noted the positions of the two machine gun turrets and turned to the ODST's with him. "You four, get up on those catwalks and put some fire on them when you see those turrets blow. Make sure you fire and maneuver, there isn't a lot of cover up there."

The corporal nodded and the four of them jogged to the ladder and started to climb.

"Those turrets are gonna cut down anyone who gets in hereâ€|" Jonah muttered.

"I know it. I'll go ghost and set charges to get the blast doors open nice and wide. You try to find something to take out the turrets quickly."

Jonah nodded and slapped Roland's shoulder. "Watch yer self."

"You too." Roland replied as he faded into invisibility.

Jonah followed Roland for a few steps the turned to the left and started to move down the shipping crates. This was one time he was thankful for his suppressed SMG. An assault rifle would have blown their cover instantly. A lone incursionist was leaning out of cover firing towards the blast doors then ducking back and waiting. Jonah slid up behind him and deposited a case less round from his M7S into the man's skull. He slowly moved on, but shot a look toward the doors. Roland's nav marker was moving ever closer to the doors.

Roland was simply strolling past the incursionist firing on his fellow soldiers. He had taken the time to break two necks so far, men simply to alone to be noticed for a few moments. As he reached the controls, two men, one older with graying hair and the other a younger man who was fit, but could barely be older enough to be fighting as well as a very attractive young woman. All were inside of the small room firing from the window ports. Roland glanced at his timer and noticed he only had twenty seconds to go on the active camo, so he decided to place the charges first.

At this point, Jonah had found a trio of men preparing a SPNKR rocket launcher for when the ODST's broke through. He slid his knife from its sheath and prepared his M6C. Two slugs and a clean cut later, Jonah was hefting the SPNKR tube onto his shoulder and positioning himself for a clean shot at each machine gun nest. "Roland, be

advised, I am ready to take the Machine guns on your go."

"Roger that, give me a few seconds." Roland primed the last explosive as his active camo faded away. He turned and saw that the three incursionists were still paying no attention to his position so he drew his M6C. A double tap entered the older man's skull, followed a fraction of a second later by two rounds entering the younger man. However, as the old man fell, he knocked the young woman out of the path of Roland's next two .45 suppressed slugs. She fell to the side, her weapon being knocked aside and looked up at Roland. She had slightly darker than average skin with blue eyes and dark brown hair.

"Waiting on you Rolle." Jonah called in.

Roland's finger hovered over the trigger. This woman had been firing on his fellow marines, but he couldn't bring himself to kill a completely helpless human being. However the woman didn't seem to realize who she was up against. Her right hand jerked for her sidearm, pulled it from the holster and lines up a shot as Roland's bullet killed her. However, the last command her brain fired to her muscles was to pull the trigger, which her body obliged with even in death. The round missed Roland by several inches, however it struck one of the explosive charges on the wall behind him, rocketing him forward as a chain reaction of the other two charges went off.

"Take, take, take!" Jonah shouted to the ODST's in the catwalk. \_Fwoosh! Fwoosh! \_Two rockets sped towards their perspective targets. Each one hit, blasting the machine gun operators into nothingness and rendering the guns inoperable. Jonah dropped the empty tube and pulled out his M7S and started dropping incursionist from behind. "Roland, sitrep?" Jonah asked.

Roland's nav marker was flashing orange, the sign of a Spartan in distress. "Roland!" Jonah took off through the ebbing firefight. As soon as the blast doors had been opened, a platoon of ODST's and rushed in and started a close quarters battle with the incursionists. Needless to say, the shock troopers were winning.

Jonah neared the rubble of what had been the door controls. "Rolle? You alright man?"

"Ughâ€¦. Getâ€¦.. back!" Roland moaned.

"I got ya mate. The ODST's can handle it from here." Jonah knelt down and started to clear the rubble off of Roland.

"Sssâ€¦.Ssss." Roland hissed.

"What?"

"SNIPER!" Jonah heard the crack of a long rifle as the metal next to him received a neat little hole. Jonah spun and opened fire in the direction from which the round had come. He heard a dull thump come from the same direction and a projectile flew through the air.

"Oh..Sh" Jonah activated his armor lock as the EMP grenade detonated next to him. As he recovered, he saw the ODST's back tracking the

incoming and moving towards the place where the sniper was.

"Hang on bud." Jonah pulled his medical kit out and started to treat Roland for the small fragmentation wounds he had received.

"Iâ€¦ fineâ€¦" Roland muttered as his head went limp.

"I know buddy. I know." Jonah picked Roland up as gently as he could. Even with his armor and augmentations, Roland was still a load to carry back to the waiting pelicans.

"What happen?" The Captain asked as Jonah approached the "beachhead."

"Premature detonation of the charges to open the blast doors I think."

"Alright, believe it or not, that was the last holdout on this base." We can get back to the prowler and get him the medical attention he needs."

"Roger that sir." Jonah set Roland down in the rear of a pelican, and within fifteen minutes, they were on the way back to the prowler with the station detonating in the background.

## 8. Chapter 8

\_\*\*This is it, the last Chapter. R&R I don't own it. \*\*\_

\*\*Chapter 8\*\*

\*\*0830-02/December/2546/ Halo Universe\*\*

\*\*UNSC medical faculty, trauma ward. \*\*

\*\*Planet: Reach \*\*

After wrapping up the fight, the two Spartans were placed into cryo tubes for the return ride to Reach. These Spartans may have only been eighteen at this point, but the UNSC wanted everyday out of them that they could. So that meant they got to sleep for the ride back.

Roland was kept unconscious through his procedures and didn't regain consciousness until the day after everything was repaired. Most of the smaller damage had been fixed easily, however Roland had received a small concussion from the explosion and in his time between cryo tube and medical table, liquid had pooled inside of his skull. The doctors hadn't had much of an issue throughout the procedures, but Jonah was going stir crazy.

"When is he gonna be coming through doc?" Jonah sat by Roland's bedside talking to the doctor. He wore nothing but USNC fatigues.

The doctor injected something into Roland's IV. "That was the 'wake-up' serum. He should be coming through any moment."

Jonah stood up and gripped the rail that ran along the length of



Roland's bed.

"Jayâ€|. What happen?" Roland moaned, his head rolling about on the pillow.

Jonah smiled, happy to see his buddy conscious once more. "Well, ya had a concussion and some of yer brain juice dripped out." Jonah had a grin plastered on his face now. "Doc's gotcha fixed up just fine though. Maybe even better then before."

Roland simple laid there as his eyes adjusted. "Never againâ€|"

"What's that?" Jonah leaned down and the doctor left the room.

"I frozeâ€|.. Well, not really froze, I showed mercy."

Jonah figured this was a dream or something Roland was coming out of. "Eh, you'll be fine buddy."

"No." Roland looked Jonah in the eye. "Jonah, I froze and didn't kill a hostile because she looked at me." Roland looked away. "I nearly blew it all. Never again."

"Well, do you worry none. Sounds like when your back up, we'll be going after the covies again."

"Works for me, it definitely works for me." Roland sat up and popped his back. He swung his bare feet out from under the sheets and pulled the IV from his arm. "Well then, let's g to work."

\*\*2250-21/December/2546/ Halo Universe\*\*

\*\*Covenant facility. \*\*

\*\*Planet: Unknown \*\*

\_Pain. There is nothing right now but pain. My shoulder is throbbing, I can't feel my arm or hand and breathing is nearly impossible.

—

"\_This place is dead anyway." That is the last thing I remember hearing. Then the smell of burning flesh and blood on the inside of my visor. It doesn't belong there. That is my blood. Blood is supposed to go on the outside from my slain foes. \_

\_Did I freeze again? Did Jonah survive? I have to open my eyesâ€|.

—

Roland fought his eyes opened. His throat felt like it was on fire with the rest of his body. He saw Jonah crouch slightly and heard something over the shared comms. "Let's start this party. I'm late for a hot date, and I don't want to keep your sister waiting." Roland tried to grin. Tried to say anything to Jonah, even if it was just his final parting shout to his only friend and brother in arms.

\_I'm not saying you're a bad guy Jay, I just wouldn't trust you with my kids. \_

Roland regretted each of those words. Oh how he wished he could take them back. He wished this was all just a retarded exercise and the armor lockup was slowly wearing off, but it wasn't. He was dying and he knew it.

Roland saw the Elites who had been his death. They stalked forward, ready to kill Jonah. Jonah said some other stuff but the pain was too great for Roland to notice. Roland saw Jonah look directly at him, then back at the Elites. "â€¦got a deal?" A detonator flew through the air, landing next to the stationary Elites. Jonah dodged one of the ones who closed on him, but the other grabbed him by the wrist. Roland heard Jonah scream in pain.

A sword flashed red across Jonah's visor. Another scream. Roland looked, willing his body to move. He had to help in some way, but his body wouldn't, couldn't move. The second sword wielding Elite stepped up and held Jonah by the neck, about to run him through with the sword.

\_Rolle, light 'em up. \_

\_Apes or Gators? \_

\_You softened him up. \_

\_Yeah, well, this disease ain't goin nowhere.\_

\_It was a rhetorical question. \_

As Roland lay, crumpled next to the Covenant facility, he swore he could hear Jonah mutter 'blow stuff up' one last time as the world around them began to explode. He saw the fire over take Jonah and the two Elites and roll over the other four. He felt the heat through the breaches in his armor and felt another explosion behind him. A flash, pain that felt as if his guts were being ripped apart, and then nothing but a small light.

\_\*\*And there it is. 33 pages of Halo fanfic written all by me. I am pretty happy with how it turned out. You can decide if I do a sequel or not. I am actually thinking of a cross over. If you read the short story out of Halo Evolutions, the last part of the chapter will make a lot more sense. \*\*\_

## 9. Chapter 9

So, this story does have a sequel now. It is located here:  
[s/8280145/1/The\\_Legend\\_of\\_Roland](https://www.fanfiction.net/s/8280145/1/The_Legend_of_Roland)

## 10. Chapter 10

\*\*The Legend of Roland- \*\*

\*\*Alright, this is by far the longest fanfic I have ever written. I started watching LOK right after I finished writing my first fanfic and decided that this would be an interesting way to combine two of my favorite things. This may be a little choppy, but please review!  
\*\*

## **\*\*Prologue\*\***

\_Pain. There is nothing right now but pain. My shoulder is throbbing, I can't feel my arm or hand and every breath is nearly impossible to get. \_

"\_This place is dead anyway." That is the last thing I remember hearing. My own words were resounding in my ears as the smell of burning flesh filled my nostrils and blood splashed on the inside of my visor. It doesn't belong there. That is my blood. Blood is supposed to go on the outside from my slain foes not inside my visor. My eyes shut to try to block out the pain. \_

\_Did I freeze again? Did Jonah survive? I have to open my eyesâ€¦|.

\_

Roland fought his eyes opened. His throat felt like it was on fire with the rest of his body. He saw Jonah crouch slightly and heard something over the shared comms. "Let's start this party. I'm late for a hot date, and I don't want to keep your sister waiting." Roland tried to grin. He tried to say anything to Jonah, even if it was just his final parting shout to his only friend and brother in arms.

\_I'm not saying you're a bad guy Jay, I just wouldn't trust you with my kids. \_

Roland regretted each of those words. Oh how he wished he could take them back. He wished this was all just a retarded exercise and the armor lockup was slowly wearing off, but it wasn't. He was dying and he knew it.

Roland saw the Elites who had been his death. They stalked forward, ready to kill his squad mate. Jonah said some other stuff but the pain was too great for Roland to notice. The only thing he saw was Jonah look directly at him, then back at the Elites. "â€¦got a deal?" Resounded in Roland's ears as a detonator flew through the air, landing next to the stationary Elites. Roland watched as his HUD disappeared just like the Elite's energy shields. Bullets riddled the lead Elite as Jonah dodged one of the two Elites who closed on him, but the other grabbed him by the wrist. Roland heard Jonah scream in pain.

A sword flashed red across Jonah's visor. Another scream. Roland looked, willing his body to move. He had to help in some way, but his body wouldn't, couldn't move. The second sword wielding Elite stepped up and held Jonah by the neck, about to run him through with the sword.

\_Rolle, light 'em up. \_

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around them began to explode. He saw the fire over take Jonah and the two Elites and roll over the other four. He felt the heat through the breaches in his armor and felt another explosion behind him. A flash, pain that felt as if his guts were being ripped apart and placed outside his body, and then nothing but a small green light.

\*\*Obviously the prologue was short. This is just to get you caught up on how the Spartans even arrived. \*\*

End  
file.